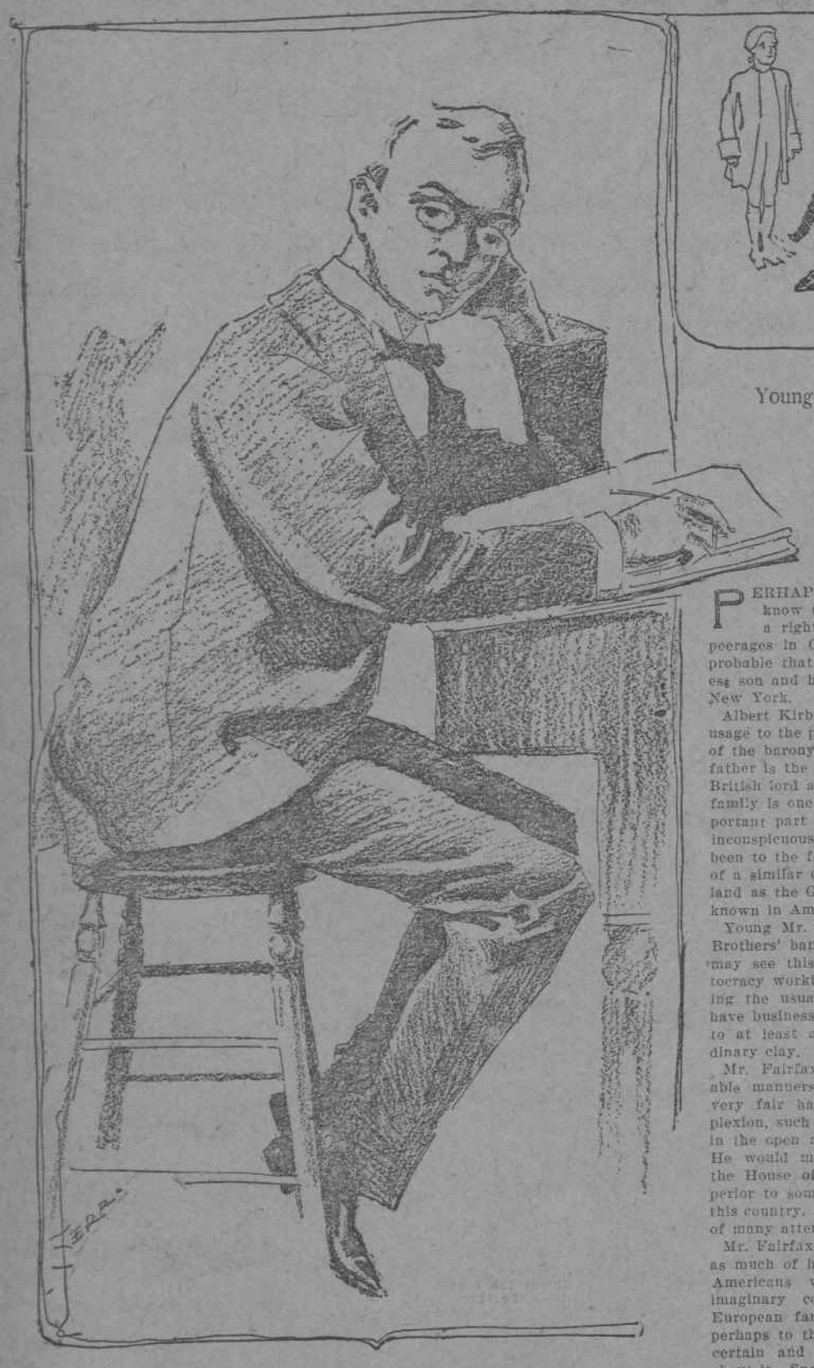
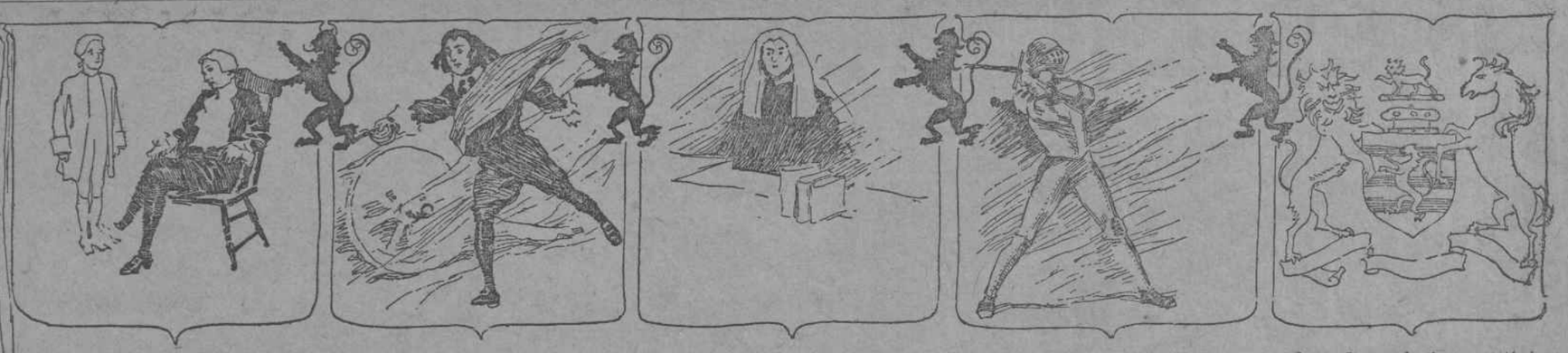


This Is Mr. Albert Kirby Fairfax, Wall Street Bank Clerk, Who Is Entitled to Be an "Honorable" and Is Heir to the Scotch Barony of Fairfax of Cameron.



Young Mr. Fairfax's distinguished ancestors have played many parts on the stage of England's history as soldiers, statesmen, literary men, &c. One of them settled on an estate in Virginia, was the patron of George Washington and the original of "Henry Esmond."

An American Citizen Who Could Be an English Lord.

PERHAPS you are wise enough to know that an American citizen has a right to one of the most historic peerages in Great Britain. But it is less probable that you are aware that his eldest son and heir is engaged in business in New York.

Albert Kirby Fairfax, entitled by British usage to the prefix "Honorable," is the heir of the barony of Fairfax of Cameron. His father is the only person who is at once a British lord and an American citizen. The family is one which has played a very important part in English history and a not inconspicuous one in American. It has been to the fore in two great disturbances of a similar character, one known in England as the Great Rebellion, and the other known in America as the Revolution.

Young Mr. Fairfax is a clerk in Brown Brothers' bank, in Wall street. There you may see this far-descended scion of aristocracy working away daily at a desk during the usual banking hours, and if you have business with him it will be attended to at least as well as by a clerk of ordinary clay.

Mr. Fairfax is handsome and of agreeable manners. He has regular features, very fair hair, and slightly ruddy complexion, such as is usually acquired by life in the open air. His age is twenty-seven. He would make a creditable member of the House of Lords. He is obviously superior to some examples who have visited this country, and who have been the object of many attentions.

Mr. Fairfax is modest and does not think as much of his hereditary dignity as some Americans who have a more or less imaginary connection with distinguished European families. The difference is due perhaps to the fact that his connection is certain and that he has always known about it. Speaking of the subject, he said:

"I am, of course, an American and as such I prefer my country to any other. At the same time it is a very interesting thing to be the representative of such a historic family as the Fairfaxes, and not one to be ashamed of.

"It has never seemed strange to us to have a title in the family, because down in the South everybody knows that we have it. Until the beginning of the century the family still used it.

"My father has never used the title. He says it makes no difference to him whether he is a lord or whether he isn't.

"I have really never seriously considered whether under any circumstances I should use the title or not. I think if I were in England for any length of time I should not object to any social advantage it might give me.

"There is no prospect of the house of Fairfax dying out, even if my branch of the family should ever fail. There are plenty of Fairfaxes down South. About five were killed in the Civil War, all in the Southern service, except one, a naval officer. The family is still represented in England, where some of the ancient estates remain in its possession.

"You will be interested to know that down near Greenway Court in Virginia, where George Washington did his first surveying work for the first Lord Fairfax who came to America, a member of the Washington family was recently engaged in similar work.

"Every year the editor of Burke's Peerage sends to our family for information to insert in that work. It has of recent years been my duty to fill out his forms."

The father of this young man is the eleventh Baron Fairfax. You may learn exactly who and what he is in Burke's Peerage, which is the Bible of the British social world.

This work describes him as John Contee Fairfax, M. D., eleventh Baron of Cameron in Scotland. He succeeded his brother on April 4, 1869, and married Mary, daughter of Colonel Edmund Kirby, of the United States Army. Their children are Albert Kirby, who has already been introduced; Charles Edmund, Caroline Snowden, Josephine, who is married to Tunstall Smith, of Baltimore, and Frances Mervyn.

The present peer is a physician, and has always been known as Dr. Fairfax. He has practised very little since the war. His present residence is called Northampton, and is near Bladensburg, in Maryland. This is an ancient house, but has only been in the Fairfax family for some thirty years.

Dr. Fairfax's wife is a Northerner, and her brother is the Rev. Dr. Kirby, rector of the Episcopal Church at Potsdam, N. Y.

Mr. Albert Fairfax kindly gave the Journal representative some very useful reading material and pictures relating to his ancient house.

The deeds of some of its members are matters of common history. Every well-informed schoolboy knows that one Lord Fairfax was General of the Parliament's armies in the rebellion that made Oliver Cromwell Lord Protector. The same schoolboy should know that the sixth Lord Fairfax was George Washington's patron. This nobleman was also the original of Henry Esmond, the hero of what is by many considered Thackeray's most fascinating novel.

The Fairfaxes are a Yorkshire family, and their name is to be found among the Crusaders. Burke begins the genealogy with Richard Fairfax, who flourished in the reign of Henry VI. One of his descendants, Edward Fairfax, a contemporary of Edmund Spenser, made a famous translation of Tasso.

Another member of the family, Sir William Fairfax, who served in the low countries, had a strange death. He was killed at the siege of Ostend in 1603 by a wound on the face from a piece of the skull of a Marshal of France scattered by a cannon ball.

Sir Thomas Fairfax was created Baron Fairfax of Cameron in 1627 by Charles I.

His son Ferdinando, the second baron, became a famous man. He was a great champion of the Parliament's rights, and was among the earliest whom Charles I.'s usurpations drove to arms. He won many fights for the Parliament. His great victory was Marston Moor, where he defeated Prince Rupert and put the royal army to flight.

This Lord Fairfax did not live to see the close of the rebellion, but his son, Sir Thomas, who became third baron, played an even greater part in it than himself. He gained the battle of Selby and commanded the right wing of his father's army at Marston Moor.

In his thirty-fourth year he became commander-in-chief of the Parliament's armies. Within two years he drove the King into Scotland and destroyed every garrison and dispersed every troop that had borne the royal standard.

Lord Fairfax was so mild mannered in ordinary life that one could hardly believe him a soldier, but in battle his personal bravery was extraordinary. When his troops met a force four times their strength at Wineeby, he said: "Come, let us fall on. I never prospered better than when I fought against the enemy three or four to one." Then he charged first among the royalists and his men followed him.

He was opposed to the execution of Charles I., and at the end of the Commonwealth took a prominent part in bringing Charles II. to the throne. His daughter married George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the famous favorite.

The sixth Lord Fairfax, he who settled in America, was born in 1632. In addition to the Fairfax estates in England, he inherited from his mother, the heiress of Lord Colepepper, a great fortune consisting of several manors in Kent, estates in the Isle of Wight and a tract of land in Virginia called the Northern Neck and lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. This was estimated to include 5,709,000 acres.

His Lordship was rich and well equipped mentally. He held a commission in the Horse Guards and was a man of wit and fashion. He was a friend of Addison and Steele and contributed to the Spectator. But he had the misfortune to fall in love with a fickle woman, and when she jilted him on the eve of marriage he was disgusted with the world.

He gave up his English estates to his brother and settled in Virginia. There he built a fine house at Belvoir and Greenway Court, a hunting lodge near Winchester, Va., which is still standing. It was here that he employed the young George Washington. Lord Fairfax was opposed to separation from England, but he was greatly respected by all classes, and lived without molestation through the Revolution.

About thirty years ago some children playing in the garret of Greenway Court found an old parchment. It turned out to be a marriage contract, drawn up in England in the time of George I. The woman's name had been effaced, but the man was the sixth Lord Fairfax, the exile of Virginia and the prototype of Henry Esmond.

The sixth lord was succeeded by his brother, Robert, who died in a short time, leaving no children. The title then descended to the Rev. Bryan Fairfax, son of his cousin William, who settled first in New England and then removed to Virginia to manage his noble cousin's estates.

William Fairfax's daughter, Anne, married Lawrence, brother of General George Washington. His son and heir, Bryan, was borne by his second wife, Deborah Clarke, of Salem, Mass. Bryan's sister married Warner Washington, cousin of General Washington. Thus it happens that the immortal George figures twice in the pages of Burke's Peerage, which, however, is careful to speak of him only as "General Washington."

The Rev. Bryan, eighth Lord Fairfax, went to England, and his title was confirmed by the House of Lords in 1800. He was succeeded by his son, Thomas, who lived at Vancluse, in Fairfax county.

The latter's grandson, Charles Snowden Fairfax, succeeded to the title as tenth baron and was followed by his brother, John Contee, the present peer, whose eldest son and heir is now striving to make a fortune in Wall Street.

It will have been noted that, although the Fairfaxes are an English family, their peerage is a Scotch one.

An American Girl Who Will Be an English Duchess.

Miss Pauline Astor, the Seventeen-Year-Old Daughter of William Waldorf Astor, Who Has Been Selected as the Future Duchess of Manchester.

IT is another love match, the gossips say, that is reported between William Waldorf Astor's daughter and the young Duke of Manchester.

A love match like that of Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough. Like that of Anna Gould and her pink and white "Powder Puff." Like any of the international marriages which have become a feature of the end-of-the-century parade.

They are all love marriages and they all turn out beautifully.

The young Duke is "a very nice chap," so say those privileged persons who know him. He is not one bit like his father of blessed memory, whose affiliations and associations reeked of the pot house and the turf.

The Duke is scarcely twenty, good-looking, was educated at Eton and is now a lieutenant in the Fifth Battalion of the Royal Rifle Corps.

The young Duke is not so big a matrimonial fish to land as was Marlborough, for the name of Marlborough fills a big page in history.

The father of the present Duke was just about as bad as they make an English aristocrat. A fine-looking, apparently decent sort of a chap when Consuelo Yznaga married him, he soon succeeded in establishing a standard of disrepute shocking even to those who have become hardened to the ways of the British nobility. His most disgraceful public exhibition was that of the Bessie Bellwood arrest. Bessie, a music hall singer, was arrested for assaulting a cabman who was trying to collect a bill from His Lordship. Manchester, then Viscount Mandeville, was brought up in Bow Street Police Court as a witness to the affray, and the resulting scene was not such as to exalt the dignity of the noble house.

It is much more agreeable to speak of the present Duke, who is said to be really a very decent young fellow.

Pauline Astor is only seventeen years old. She is scarcely out of the school room. She has never been formally introduced to society, although last year in London she assisted at several of her father's superb entertainments, both at Cliveden on the Thames and at the beautiful town house in Carlton Terrace, where Mr. Astor has as neighbors Mrs. Curzon, formerly Miss Mary Leiter, of Chicago, and Mrs. Mackay, and where John Hay, our next Minister Plenipotentiary to St. James will reside.

Miss Astor is a slender, refined dreamy-faced girl of the brunette type, who looks very like her mother, who was the beautiful Miss Paul, of Philadelphia. She has been educated entirely by governesses and has until last year lived a life of absolute seclusion. She is devotedly religious and was confirmed a little over a year ago in Old Trinity.

She has been reared to look upon her father as the autocrat of the household. His will is law. William Waldorf Astor governs his family as the Czar of all the Russias rules his subject.

Every one who ever saw Mr. and Mrs. Astor together understood perfectly that the husband was the master. Mrs. Astor was fitted by birth, breeding and beauty to be a leader of society, but she was constantly repressed and checked by her husband's domination. "I used so to pity her," said a well-known society woman. "I used to try to picture what waves of graciousness might flow from her lovely personality if she were not always living in that terrible atmosphere of repression. Her gloomy and eccentric husband seemed to control her every word, look and gesture. It was a terrible and appalling social study."

As the wife was, so is the daughter. Pauline Astor to-day knows no will save that of her father, who will settle several millions upon her if she marries to suit and to further his ambitions.

What are those ambitions?

Last Summer a famous English statesman and a prominent New York society woman were driving together in London.

"Tell me," said the lady, "what do Englishmen think of Mr. William Waldorf Astor?"

The statesman turned his head languidly, his eyelids flickered sardonically as he answered with studied indifference: "Do they think of Mr. Astor?"

However, Mr. William Waldorf Astor takes London society as it were by the throat, and forces it to consider his somewhat erratic and eccentric doings. He gets himself referred to in Parliament as "one of those insolent new millionaires." He runs a magazine. He pours money out on English soup houses and flannel blanket societies by the bucketful. He boldly declares his intention to renounce his birthright and to become a naturalized British subject, in order, so it is said in London, to be made a member of the nobility. And his coming ulterior ambition, so runs the gossip, is to espouse the Princess Victoria, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales.

To this end, the savings of his ancestors, the furrier, the butcher and the musical instrument maker, are lavishly squandered. There is nothing Mr. Astor cannot buy—a castle, whether it be in Spain or Ireland, it matter not. Everything goes in this wild headlong onslaught of the awful Astor ambition.

Mr. Astor's fortune to-day is estimated at over $200,000,000. His London residence is Landsdowne House in Berkeley Square, the Carlton House, having been occupied only temporarily. Landsdowne House is one of the largest private houses in London and is surrounded by extensive grounds. It was leased from the Marquis of Landsdowne and adjoins Devonshire House.

With other vestiges of Americanism Mr. Astor has dropped the Yankee pronunciation of his name. He now calls himself "Mr. Ashtor."

When this transplanted Astor was very young he was a member of the New York Legislature, a fact which must now grievously afflict his soul. He must also be horribly ashamed of having been United States Minister to Italy, under President Arthur. He has written several novels. It is not definitely known whether he is ashamed of that fact.

In 1890 he moved with his family to England. Five years ago he bought the Pall Mall Gazette and made it a Tory newspaper and founded the Pall Mall Magazine, to whose pages only titled contributors need apply with any fair chance of success. Gentlemen of quality, Lord Frederic Hamilton and Sir Douglass Straight edit this publication, and a visit to the office is one of the few good jokes in England.

Mr. Astor has made himself very useful to his proposed papa-in-law. It is said that he has paid debts to the amount of over $1,000,000 for Tum-Tum.

Mr. Astor is not popular in England. His personality is by no means pleasant, as he is subject to fitful and morose moods. There is no doubt that he is very extensively lied about over there. It is said, for instance, that he originated the report of his death which was cabled to New York about five years ago. His object, they say, in starting such a rumor was simply to ascertain the effect it would produce.

Then, too, Mr. Astor, despite his daily contact with the great ones of the earth, occasionally makes an alarming break which causes much innocent merriment. Last Summer, when entertaining the Prince at Cliveden, he informed His Royal Highness that he was ready to take him out boating on the river, instead of awaiting his serene pleasure.

Then there was the affair of the Cliveden visiting book.

When Mr. Astor bought from the Duke of Westminster that brave old house which, with its sloping terraces, drooping willows and lofty walls, is pointed out to every pleasure seeker on the Thames, he took possession of the visiting book, which is a feature of every great country house in England, and in which are inscribed most of the famous autographs of the kingdom.

In vain the Duke demanded his visiting book. Mr. Astor, with the thrift bequeathed to him by his thoroughly business-like ancestors, prepared to defend the possession of that visiting book with his blood, if need be. The book went with the house, he stated, and he should not give it up. The affair created a great breeze at the time, and was laughed at behind the fans and over the teacups of Mayfair.

So much for one of the matchmakers who have arranged this marriage between sweet seventeen and ardent twenty.

What of the other matchmaker?

Now we come to the most picturesque figure of the four people, who are chiefly interested in this event.

Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is a woman equally well known in society on both sides of the Atlantic. Hers is a dashing and audacious personality. As Consuelo Yznaga, of New Orleans, she was as famous a belle as was her intimate friend, Alva Smith, of Mobile, who is now Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

The two Yznaga girls, Consuelo and Natica, went to London with their handsome faces as their fortune. Consuelo was that rarest of beauties, a Spanish blonde. She was clever and quick-witted. She directly saw that to create a furore in London one must be absolutely unique. So she founded a school of her own. She was really the first American girl to startle London society by innovations in the line of entertainment. "I made a nigger minstrel show of myself," she was fond of telling her New York friends afterward, "when I went to country house parties I sang plantation songs, danced breakdowns and played the banjo."

It was during one of these classics exhibitions that the little Viscount Mandeville saw and fell in love with the stunning young American.

As Lady Mandeville the sprightly Consuelo returned to New York and was for some time the guest of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, who loved her friend so tenderly that she named her young daughter, the present Duchess of Marlborough, after her. At the great fancy ball which the Vanderbilts gave, and which was considered the most superb function ever given in New York, but which has since been eclipsed by the superhuman splendor of the late Bradley Martin ball, Lady Mandeville was present and received with Mrs. Vanderbilt that evening.

As the Duchess of Manchester she has been one of the gayest leaders of that gay clique known in London as "the Prince of Wales's set," and which is made up of such celebrated beauties as Lady Warwick, the "Babbling Brook" of the baccarat scandal; Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Minnie Stevens Paget, Lady Feo Sturt, Lady De Grey and many others.

A New York woman, who goes to London every season and who knows society there as intimately as she knows it here, has this to say of this very smart, very chic and very audacious set: "These women are the ones who have set the fashion of absolute freedom for married women in society. In other days the matron was denied the frivolity of the girl, mais nous avons change tout cela. The fashionable, smart London society dame has a freedom of speech and manner which would startle even New Yorkers."

"It is a pathetic sight," said my gossip in speaking of the Duchess of Manchester, "to see her now. There is nothing so pitiful as the decline of a famous beauty, one who has had the world at her feet and who has lived only for pleasure. The beauty of old age that creeps gently and peacefully upon a woman who has done good deeds and thought noble thoughts is exquisite. The old age that glares through rouge and grins through patches is not only hideous, it is pitiful."

Thus these great international matchmakers—the man who has tossed away his patriotism like an old glove and whose audacious pretensions to the lowest step which leads to the English throne are mocked at by the country he wishes to adopt; the woman brilliant, daring, a pleasure seeker always, now poor, passe and pathetic.

It is a relief to turn to the two children: one of whom holds millions in her slender hands, the other, a coronet in his grasp. At least they are young and guileless and admirable. And every one, on Murray Hill or in Mayfair will wish joy to the childish couple—the youthful Duke and Duchess of Manchester.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

MANCHESTER COAT OF ARMS

DUKE OF MANCHESTER

DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER